REMARKABLE GALAXY OF STATESMEN

WHO COMPOSED THE "OLD SENATE" NOW A MEMORY

THERE are elderly men in the United States Senate, and there are Senators who have been continuously in service there for quite a number of years. They might be termed "Old Senators;" and yet, what has been known as "The Old Senate," has passed away with the passing of Senator Allison of Iowa.

Without intent or purpose to make individious comparisons, it may be truthfully stated that "The Old Senate," which was entered by young Mr. Allison March 4, 1873, was a body composed of statesmen of ability, experience, note, and fame.

That body began to gradually fade away from the stage of politics and statecraft when Ohio failed to re-elect "The Old Roman," the distinguished and able Senator Thurman.

There was one Senator who particularly missed Senator Thurman, and that was his great political antagonist and warm personal friend, Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont. Those forceful and able statesmen were "old cronies" in the best meaning of that expression. They were superior in natural ability and in educational acquirements. They deeply and intensely appreciated each other. Senator Edmunds was not dissatisfied; but unsatisfied with the Senate, after Senator Thurman departed.

THEN after a lapse of a couple of years an "omnibus bill" was enacted, admitting four new States—North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington. Those new Commonwealths sent to the Senate eight comparatively young men; and "The Old Senate" looked upon them not only as young men, but as "fresh young men." They pervaded the sedate old Senate chamber; and Senator Edmunds, more than all of the others, felt their presence. They brought to the Senate an unexpected burden of Western breeziness; and Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota was foremost in making himself perfectly at home without delay.

Senator Edmunds resigned from the Senate October 31, 1891; and that date marks the beginning of the end of "The Old Senate." The previous departure of Senator Thurman had made a vacancy which had been felt; but the resignation of Senator Edmunds caused a sensation. There was general regret when he voluntarily passed out of the life of the Senate; and the others gradually followed, one by one, until finally Senator Allison, long a connecting link between the old Senate and the new, was called hence by the relentless Reaper.

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Among Them Were:

Senators Vance and Ransom of North Carolina departed. Next Hampton and Butler of South Carolina, Brown and Gordon of Georgia, Pugh and Morgan of Alabama, Beck of Kentucky, Walthall and George of Mississippi, Coke and Reagan of Texas, Berry and Jones of Arkansas, Harris of Tennessee, Vest and Cockrell of Missouri; Voorhees and Turpie of Indiana, Sherman of Ohio, Palmer of Illinois, Quay and Cameron of Pennsylvania, Conkling and Evarts of New York, Blodgett and Sewall of New Jersey, Platt and Hawley of Connecticut, Dawes and Hoar of Massachusetts, Blair of New Hampshire, Morrill of Vermont, McMillan and Stockbridge of Michigan, Sawyer and Spooner of Wisconsin, Manderson and Paddock of Nebraska, Plumb and Ingalls of Kansas, Jones and Stewart of Nevada, Stanford and Hearst of California, Mitchell and Dolph of Oregon, Gorman of Maryland. Great galaxy, that!

Allison was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations; Ingalls, District of Columbia; Plumb, Public Lands; Hoar, Judiciary; Sawyer, Pensions; Dawes, Indian Affairs; Hawley, Military Affairs; Platt, Territories; Sherman, Foreign Relations; Spooner, Claims; Quay, Public Buildings and Grounds. All are gone! As Mark Twain says: "It is the same old story: Death!" All of them are politically dead; and well nigh all of them are beneath the sod.

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A Deliberate Body.

"The Old Senate" was, indeed, a deliberative body. It was a body much given to discussion and general debate. Those were the days of set speeches; prepared addresses; forensic eloquence.

When the Senate chamber was practically empty, and the press gallery absolutely deserted, word would pass around the Capitol from mouth to mouth—there were no telephones—"Ingalls is speaking!"

What a rushing and scurrying of newspaper men to their places in the gallery. Little, chunky, fat, easy-going E. B. Wight would run like a boy to get his place. W. B. Shaw, young twenty or thirty years ago as he is now, would do a heel-and-toe movement that would rival Weston. Charlie Toole would "get there" like a slender deer. Even Major Carson has been known to "step lively" on such an occasion. George Harries was one of the first to reach the gallery. He scorned waiting for the elevator. John P. Miller would chase his instinctive "nose for news" like a scared rabbit.

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When Conkling Spoke.

"Conkling has the floor!" How that would make the newsgatherers hustle! Dave Barry would throw a fit if he didn't fly across the Capitol from the House to Senate. Frank Dupuy would run to the Senate like a quarter horse. Major Clarke would chase his big body and bigger brain with his short legs. Even Seckendorff would be more or less interested. Walter Stevens and O'Brien Moore were side by side in rivalry. Billy MacBride never got left. William Eleroy Curtis would have come from Ireland to attend the session. Charlie Pepper was on the scene.

The boys of the gallery not only heard things in those days; but they saw, also. They observed the floor of the Senate. Not a seat was vacant. They saw the backs of bald heads and venerable shoulders, for every Senator faced the speaking Senator, greedily drinking in every word, and applauding with their nods of approval.

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And Vest is Speaking.

"Vest is speaking!" How they did crowd the floor and gallery to hear that marvelously eloquent little giant from Missouri! Big men came from the House of Representatives. Carlisle, Cannon, Randall, Reed, Crisp, Henderson, Keifer, Bragg, Pettibone, Outhwaite Butterworth, Lodge, Hiscock, Bingham, Bland. It would take a volume even to make mention of the names of the men of note who always sought "The Old Senate" in the days of its might.

"Gorman is speaking!" Louis Garthe and John Schriver were first on the spot. The great Democratic leader spoke but seldom; but he was always given a hearing and an ovation, for he was known to be strong and powerful of utterance. His attack on President Cleveland was an unusual performance, and it is well that all of his remarks were not printed in the permanent Record. He said that some of the deeds of the incumbent of the White House, "were infamous." But it was in the heat of debate. Calm reflection caused those and many other strenuous statements to be omitted from the final report of the speech. But, my, what a crowd there was present on that occasion.

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"Tom" Reed Hated.

"The Old Senate" handled great problems. It was staid and steady and dignified. Speaker Reed, who held the House in the hollow of his hand, and who compelled such legislation as he desired, hated that old Senate, most cordially. It was the butt of some of his most virulent diatribes and sarcastic quips; but not in public speech. His adherents shared with him, a cordial dislike of the coordinate branch of the Congress which stolidly pursued its dilatory ways; scorning public clamor and private importunity. "The Old Senate" left an example, which is being followed inexorably, defying Presidential appeals to the people in the form of official messages to the Congress and stubbornly taking its time for the consideration of all public questions.

"The Old Senate" did not hesitate to initiate legislation in the form of "amendment" to bills adopted by the House; and the new Senate follows the example. The old body tore and ripped and cut, and slashed what Senator Hill called "The Wilson, Gorman, Smith & Co." tariff bill; and made an entirely new revenue measure, albeit the Constitution expressly provides that all such legislation shall originate in the House of Representatives. It shattered numerous parliamentary precedents; and it formed entirely new precedents in many things. Whenever reformers talked of "electing Senators by direct vote of the people," and disseminated their doctrines, "The Old Senate," as a body, grimly held its peace; and the present body does likewise, for the Senate has the last say on that subject. Indeed, it seems to have the last word on all subjects.

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Their Wit and Humor.

There was wit and humor in the Senate, as well as statesmanship. One example will suffice. Senator Richard Coke, of Texas, was one of the biggest men, physically, that ever came to the Senate. He was well proportioned and fully fifty pounds heavier than pugilist Jeffries. His voice was tremendous; louder than a fog-horn, if not so melodious. He was speaking one afternoon and making the solid walls fairly tremble with his loud utterances, and Senator Ingalls arose and asked him to repeat his last sentence. He did so, in even a louder voice; as he glared at Ingalls, expecting a debate. Ingalls quietly thanked him; and sat down.

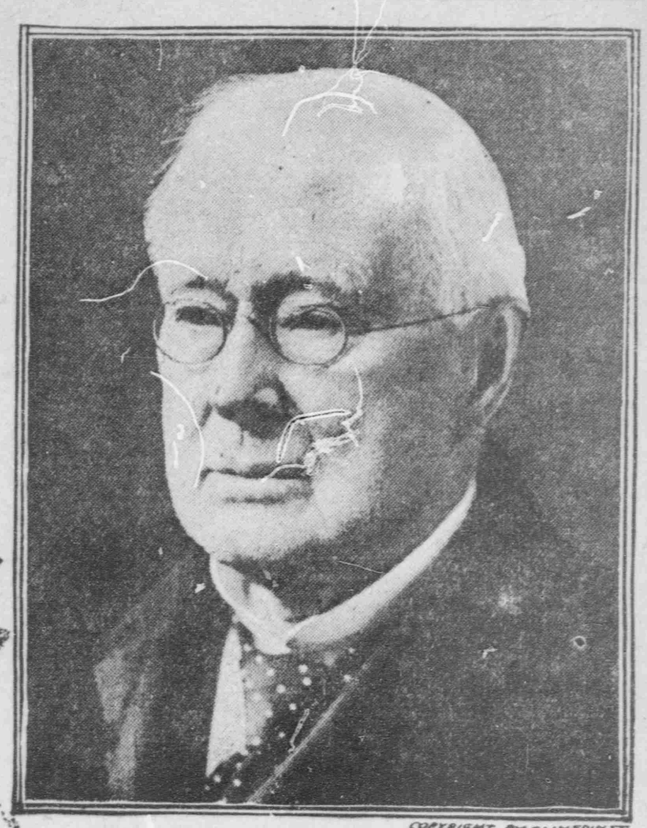
In a few minutes Ingalls again requested Coke to repeat his statement. He fairly yelled it back defiantly. Again Ingalls quietly thanked him, and sat down. A third time Ingalls repeated his inquiry; and Coke's voice almost rattled the dome, as he shouted his reply. The Senate Chamber was unusually quiet, when Ingalls then addressed the Vice President, and said:

"Mr. President: I must insist upon order in the Senate, in order that I may hear the remarks of the Senator from Texas."

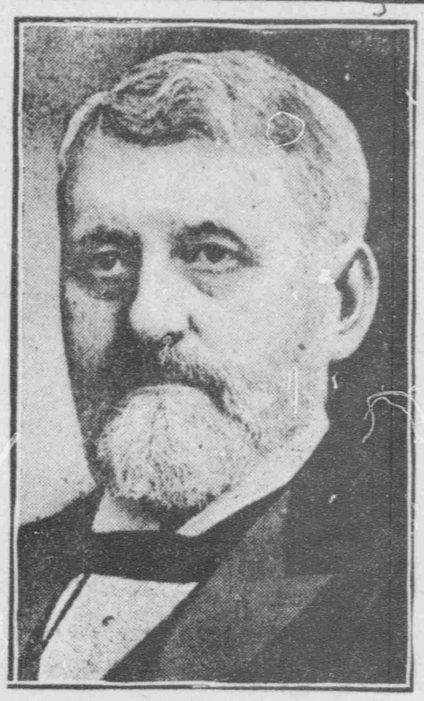
Everybody laughed uproariously; and Coke said:

"I am suffering with a cold, but am trying to make myself heard."

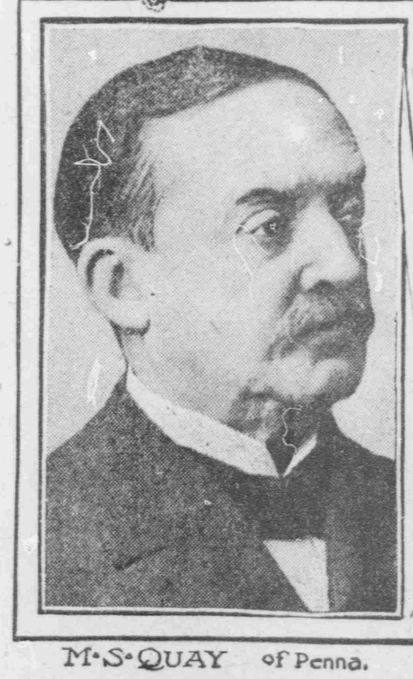
JOHN C. SPOONER of Wisconsin.



GEORGE F. HOAR of Massachusetts.



WM. B. ALLISON of Iowa.



M. S. QUAY of Penna.

DIFFERENT WAYS IN MEETING DEATH

Students of human nature will find in the spectacle of the crew of the Gladiator going to their deaths with a song on their lips another proof of the fact that singing is the best outlet for human emotions in the time of great stress and fear. Here were over 100 men face to face with death; land was within 150 yards of them, and they might have been excused had they broken ranks and dived into the sea. Instead of that, however, they stood shoulder to shoulder, singing the well-known song, "Sons of the Sea." Of course, the reason why human beings sing at such a moment as this is because it steadies the brain and prevents dangerous thinking. Many a time a song has saved hundreds of lives when nothing else could have done anything.

The Gladiator incident recalls in some features the great disaster of 1852, when the troopship Birkenhead foundered in St. Simon's bay, near Cape Town, says London Clat. There were 635 persons on board, including the crew, several detachments of soldiers and women and children. Although it was quickly seen that the vast majority of those on board must perish, there was never the slightest approach to panic. At a word from their officers the troops assembled on deck as if on parade, and when the command was given to lower the boats for the women and children the soldiers sang "God Save the Queen," not with the object of staying their own fears, but merely to cheer up the passengers as they descended into the boats. Probably the world has never witnessed a more heroic episode than this—the passing of more than 400 heroes to a grave in the sea. Shortly after the boats got away from the doomed ship she sank, and out of a total 638 lives only 184 were saved. England may well be proud when she can produce such men as these. They made the annals of their country richer by a story of almost superhuman courage.

A few years later discipline of the Birkenhead sort saved over 300 lives. The ship was the Sarah Sands, and she set sail from Portsmouth with 200 soldiers and a large crew. Suddenly the cargo, part of which was ammunition, took fire, and it seemed impossible to overcome it. The officers, however, resolved to fight the flame, and there was no attempt to desert the ship. The troops were assembled on deck, and from time to time detachments were called upon to help in the work. But it was a long battle. A barrel of gunpowder exploded, and no sooner were the flames beginning to tire than the ship experienced a terrific gale. Despite all this the ship reached the Mauritius without having lost a single life, the imperturbability and stolidity of the troops having saved the vessel when the slightest of panic would have destroyed all chance of life.

The recent wreck of the Berlin provided another instance of the power of human voice. All through the long night, when the ill-clad passengers were fighting against the tempest and the extreme cold, a lady who had just fulfilled an engagement at the Covent Garden opera house sang at intervals all the sweetest songs in her repertoire.

CARNIVAL OF CRIME RENEWED

(Continued from Second Page.)

killed. Consequently this Free Mason director has been marked, and on his head is a price of $5,000.

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Formerly Fought With Hatchets

It is only within the last twelve years that the tong warriors have used revolvers. Previous to the murder of Fung Ching, more familiarly known in California as "Little Pete," eleven years ago, the fighting men of the tongs were known as hatchet men. Every murder was committed either with a hatchet or with a clever. This made the action of the wars slower, but at that time the police, probably because of the awful implements of death used, feared the Chinese highbinders. It was in the fight that terminated in the killing of "Little Pete" that one man braved the dark alleys and the lurking assassins that crept softly about in the shadows and sent the fear of the white man deep into the celestial's heart. This man is Sergt. Jesse Cook, now in charge of the Identification Bureau of the San Francisco police department. His fearlessness, determination, and the force he used in curbing the Chinamen earned for him the title of the "Chinaman's White Devil," and today he is the only white man in San Francisco whom the Chinese absolutely respect.

The two most notable murders in the years of the Chinese tong wars were those of Tom Yick, a highly educated and respected non-tong man, and "Little Pete," the politician, gambler, and capitalist. The latter had been marked for participation in the theft of slave girls and many men had been set after him. A white bodyguard was always with him. One day he went downstairs from his room to a barber-shop on Washington street in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco and seating himself in the chair sent his hired protector for a copy of the overnight entries for the next day's races at Ingleside. The guard had hardly left the place when "Little Pete" was riddled with bullets. Lim Shear, who was suspected of the crime, was never caught.

Tom Yick died because he gave information concerning the gambling houses of Chinatown to Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco. His murderer is now serving a life sentence in the State penitentiary.

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Most Curious Feature.

And the most curious feature of it all is that the laws of the United States permit the highbinder to do in America what he is afraid to do in China. He realizes that for his crimes in his native country some relatives must suffer. In this land he has the advantage of the technicalities afforded by the statutes and unlimited money to strengthen his case. If he wins in the fight against the law—if, indeed, he is ever captured—he has a neat little fortune in blood money to his credit; if he dies in the fight or on the scaffold, the blood money goes to his relatives in China at the rate of $1,000 a year until the stipulated price for the killing has been paid.

And this is the tong war of the "heathen chinee." It knows no restriction but its own viciousness; it must go on until the honor of the tong is satisfied. So complete is the system of extermination, so deadly the rivalry, that little Chen How Kee, when the braid is coiled over her left ear, may look to another tong for a husband. Ho Sam and Yet Sue Lee, who saw the beginning, may never see the end of the Bing Kong and Hop Sing tong war, that grew from the earnestness of their love for little Chen How Kee.

GREAT ATHLETES AGE FAST

H. H. Riddle, who holds that strange degree, bachelor of medicine, granted by Cambridge University, England, has been concerning himself with the problem of the athlete in after life. The Londoners a short time ago watched the Olympic games and groaned at the distressing spectacle of Dorando, almost expiring at the finish line in the Marathon run. Many of them must have wondered whether nature would exact no penalty from that poor fellow for such a terrible strain as he had put upon his body. What does nature do with all her athletes, in the after years when they have given up active sports and have settled down to the days of normal labor? Mr. Riddle answers that question in this fashion, in the London Mail:

Of all the thousands who have applauded the Olympic victors in the past fortnight there are probably very few who did not envy the athletes more for their superb physical condition than for their hard-fought victories over their fellow-competitors. As to the healthfulness of these young men, the mere fact that they are considered eligible to compete in such contests of physical strength and endurance puts beyond question the fact that, for the moment at least, they must be in the most perfect physical condition modern methods of training can devise.

The phrase "training to the minute" is by no means an idle saying in the case of these young men. To get the best results from their individual capabilities in the different sports and trials of strength, their bodies are exercised and their lungs, hearts and muscles are worked until when fit they are in a very different state physically from that of the average healthy young man whom circumstance or fate has prevented from being an athlete. Comparing the minority of athletes who ever reach within measurable distance of these Olympic giants with the majority of men who have never been through a course of hard training, and whose greatest physical exertion, perhaps, from one year's end to another is a short sprint in the morning to catch the suburban train to the office, which class stands the best chance of getting through the average normal life which is the lot of the ordinary normal citizen?

The great athlete at a varying number of times in his career leaves the normal and gets himself into a physical condition which his less gifted brother never approaches. The important question is, which will be the better man when middle and old age, with their inexorable demands on the body, are reached?

Apart from the benefit which the mind and character must receive in all competitions where fair play is the first essential, the body receives great benefit from the increased functional activity which active muscular exercise entails. Many of the internal complaints common to man are brought on through lack of strength in the tiny muscle fibers which are present in nearly all the important internal organs. The exercise which during a course of training will give the greatest power and strength to the muscles of an athlete's limbs will at the same time increase the efficiency of those myriads of minute strains of muscle fibers throughout the body whose importance we do not realize until, through one cause or another, they lose their strength and "tone," with grave results.

Granting, then, that the competitor at the Stadium has a greater immediate sum total of health than the onlooker of the same age, will he keep up this physical superiority through the rest of his life? The majority of medical opinion undoubtedly seems to be that the athlete, if he has been sensibly trained, and has not noticeably overstrained his powers in his youth, has the best chance of a healthy and active old age. —Exchange.